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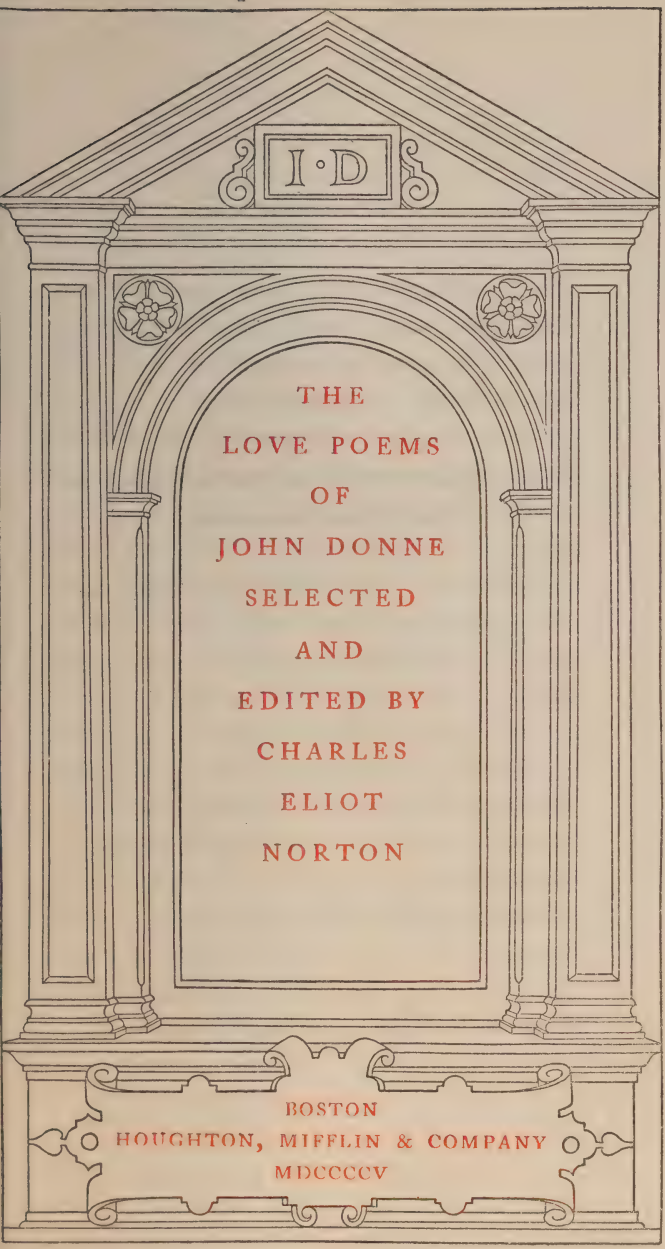
THE LOVE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE



THE LOVE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

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PREFACE

THIS little volume contains all of Donne's Love Poems, save such as offend by a license of speech more pardonable at the time when they were written than it is to-day, and one or two of inferior worth. They were products of youth, and Walton in his incomparable narrative of Donne's life declares that, 'in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely (God knows, too loosely) scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive or so short lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals.' It is, then, doing no wrong to the poet to exclude from these pages poems the existence of which he regretted, and it is doing a service to lovers of poetry to present to them those others which justify Ben Jonson's saying to Drummond of Hawthornden that 'he esteemed Donne the first poet in the world for some things.'

It was not till two years after Donne's death

that a collection of his poems was published. Many of them had had a wide circulation in manuscript, but only a few of his occasional pieces had been printed during his lifetime, and when in 1633 the first edition of his poems appeared, they received no proper editing but were thrown out to the public, shuffled together without regard to chronological order, and only partially grouped according to their respective subjects. It would have been well for Donne's fame, and fortunate for the lovers of his poetry, had he himself overseen its publication, for much of it required the revision which only the author could give.

But Donne never made poetry his profession, and for the greater part of his life he was far more scholar and preacher than poet. His nature was extraordinarily complex. Heaven and Earth contended in it with a force that made his life a succession of alternating exaltation and depression, loftiness and baseness, rapture and despair. His work, whether in prose or verse, is the expression of a powerful intelligence, a passionate temperament and a vivid imagination irregularly subject to the check of a keen, practical under-

standing. As Jonson could justly hold him for some things the first poet in the world, so Dryden, with equal justice, could speak of him as 'the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation.'

The reader who has been unacquainted with Donne's poetry will be struck by the difference of the poems in this volume from the common love poetry of his sonneteering contemporaries. They show an individuality of sentiment, no less than of expression, which distinguishes them sharply from other poetry of the class to which they belong. Donne is essentially English, — a characteristically Elizabethan Englishman. There is no soft familiar Italian echo in his verse. He has often, indeed, been criticised for the harshness of his versification, and Ben Jonson (to cite another of his sayings concerning the poet) went so far as to assert that he 'deserved hanging for not keeping of accent.' His sins in this respect are frequent, but are committed more often in his other poems than in his love verse, and some of the faults of rhythm attributed to him are due to the reader rather than to the poet. He employs slurs and elisions to a degree that sometimes makes

a faultless verse seem rough and difficult to a reader who may lie open to the charge which Holophernes brings against Sir Nathaniel in regard to his reading of Biron's sonnet, — 'You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent.' Donne sometimes moulded his verse more by the sense than by the sound, and used a license in versification strange to less eager and impassioned poets, and there is truth in the saying of Coleridge that 'to read Dryden, Pope, etc., you need only count syllables, but to read Donne you must measure time, and discover the time of each word by the sense of passion.'

In this little collection I have attempted to arrange the poems in a more natural order than that in which they have hitherto appeared. They fall for the most part into two divisions, the first being of those written when one mistress after another enthralled the youthful poet's susceptible fancy in a transient bondage, the second of those when his affections were fixed and his heart devoted to the woman who became his wife. Two or three poems lie outside either division. I have added a few notes at the end of the volume.

The text usually follows that of the edition of Mr. Chambers in the so-called Muses' Library, London, 1895, with which the text of the edition issued by the Grolier Club, also in 1895, closely corresponds. I have drawn a few improved readings from two manuscripts in my possession, both of earlier date than the first edition of the poems.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

May, 1905.

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POEMS

THE TRIPLE FOOL

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry ;
But where 's that wise man, that would not be I,
If she would not deny ?

Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain ;
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.

To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 't is read.
Both are increasèd by such songs,
For both their triumphs so are published,

And I, which was two fools, do so grow three.
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change, and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
Or find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet.

Yet do not ; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

TWICKENHAM GARDEN[1]

Blasted with sighs, and sùrrounded[2] with tears,
Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive such balms as else cure every thing.
But O! self-traitor, I do bring
The spider[3] Love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert manna to gall;
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'T were wholesomer for me that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh and mock me to my face;
But that I may not this disgrace
Endure, nor yet leave loving, Love, let me
Some senseless piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake,[4] so I may grow here,
Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal phials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are Love's wine,

And try your mistress' tears at home,
For all are false, that taste not just like mine.
Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow what she wears.
O pèrverse sex, where none is true but she,
Who 's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

THE MESSAGE

Send home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which, O! too long have dwelt on thee;
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forced fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 't is none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,

And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

LOVE'S DIET

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportiön,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worst endures, discretiön.

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she-sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'T was neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brined it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd hers, I let him know
'T was not a tear which he had got;
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For eyes, which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate I writ that,
But burnt her letters when she writ to me;

And if that favour made him fat,
I said, "If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah! what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth name in an entail?"

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard[5] love, to flie
At what, and when, and how, and where I choose.
Now negligent of sports I lie,
And now, as other falconers use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep;
And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

LOVE'S DEITY

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her who loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
O! were we waken'd by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, since she loves before, I 'm loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

THE PRIMROSE

BEING AT MONTGOMERY CASTLE[6] UPON THE HILL ON WHICH IT IS SITUATE

Upon this Primrose hill —
Where, if heaven would distil
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manna so ;
And where their form, and their infinity
Make a terrestrial galaxy,
As the small stars do in the sky —
I walk to find a true love ; and I see
That 't is not a mere woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish ; a six, or four ;
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce anything ; and then, should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, and not to love.
Both these were monsters ; since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than nature falsified.

Live, primrose, then, and thrive
With thy true number five ;
And, woman, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content ;
Ten is the farthest number ; if half ten
Belong unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men ;
Or — if this will not serve their turn — since all
Numbers are odd or even, and they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

THE BLOSSOM

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I 've watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou,
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hopest her stiffness by long siege to bow,
Little think'st thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere that sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou which lovest to be
Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say,
"Alas! if you must go, what 's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay;

You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?''

Well then, stay here; but know,
When thou hast stay'd and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost.
How shall she know my heart? or, having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know some other part;
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stay'd still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too;
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PROHIBITION

Take heed of loving me ;
At least remember, I forbade it thee ;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast ;
But so great joy our life at once outwears.
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory ;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate ;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too ;
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do.
Love me, that I may die the gentler way ;
Hate me, because thy love 's too great for me ;

Or let these two, themselves, not me, decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be.
Lest thou thy love and hate and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye;
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
When I look lower I espy:
Hadst thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and marr'd, to kill,
How many ways mightst thou perform thy will!

But now I 've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more, I 'll depart:
My picture vanish'd, vanish fears
That I can be endamaged by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

A JET RING SENT.

Thou art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart, thou art;
What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by thee be spoke,—
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh, why should ought less precious, or less tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it say —
"I'm cheap, and nought but fashion; fling me away."

Yet stay with me since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb;
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with me;
She that, O! broke her faith, would soon break thee.

THE BAIT[8]

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run
Warm'd by thine eyes, more than the sun ;
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,

Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest ;
Or, curious traitors, sleave-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait :
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

THE EXPIRATION

So —, so —, break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away ;
Turn, thou ghost, that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day:
We ask'd none leave to love ; nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death as saying, " Go."

Go ! — and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too;
Or, if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murderer do ;
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding go.

THE WILL

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies : — I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to Fame ; to ambassadors mine ears ;
To women or the sea, my tears :
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who 'd twenty more,
Only to give to those that had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give ;
My truth to them who at the Court do live ;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits ; to buffoons my pensiveness ;
My silence to any who abroad have been ;
My money to a Capuchin :
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there where no love received can be,
Only to give to those that have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
All my good works unto the schismatics

Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
And courtship to an University ;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare ;
My patiënce let gamesters share :
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputatiön to those
Which were my friends ; mine industry to foes ;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to physicians, or excess ;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ ;
And to my company my wit :
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books ; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give ;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread ; to them which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue :
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portiön
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportiön.

Therefore I 'll give no more, but I 'll undo
The world by dying, because Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth ;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave :
Thou, Love, taught'st me by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all
three.

THE FUNERAL

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm ;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch ;
For 't is my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolutiön.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
These hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't ; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they 're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me ;
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into other hands these relics came.

As 't was humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 't is some bravery
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

THE RELIC

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will not he let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls at the last busy day
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay ?

If this fall in a time or land
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us relics ; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men.
And, since at such time miracles are sought,
I would that age were by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
Difference of sex no more we knew
Than our guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.[9]
These miracles we did; but now alas!
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
When they shall find your picture in my heart,
You think a sudden damp of love
Will thorough all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain;
And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain;
And like a Goth or Vandal rise,
Deface recòrds and histories
Of your own arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then,

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My giants, and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy and Secretness;
But these I neither look for nor profess.

Kill me as woman, let me die
As a mere man ; do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
In that you have odds enough of any man.

A NOCTURNAL UPON ST. LUCY'S DAY

BEING THE SHORTEST DAY

'T is the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucy's who scarce seven hours herself unmasks ;
The sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays ;
The world's whole sap is sunk ;
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd ; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compared with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring ;
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom Love wrought new alchemy.
For his art did express
A quintessènce even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness ;
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death — things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that 's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have ;

I, by Love's limbec, am the grave
Of all that 's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two ; oft did we grow,
To be two chaoses, when we did show
Care to aught else ; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing the elixir grown ;
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know ; I should prefer,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means ; yea plants, yea stones detest,
And love ; all, all some properties invest;
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light and body must be here.

But I am none ; nor will my sun renew.
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival.
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her vigil, and her eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

AIR AND ANGELS

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name ;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipp'd be.
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see.
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too ;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiratiön,
I saw I had love's pinnace overfraught ;
Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much; some fitter must be sought ;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere ;
Then as an angel face and wings

Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air's and angel's purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's, will ever be.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE

Love, any devil else but you
Would for a given soul give something too.
At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntsmanship, or play,
For them which were their own before ;
Only I have nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly, lower.

I ask no dispensation now,
To falsify a tear, or sigh, or vow ;
I do not sue from thee to draw
A *non obstante* on nature's law ;
These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine ; none should forswear
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind,
Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind ;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childish is ;
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust;
Small towns which stand stiff till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not;
Such in Love's warfare is my case;
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to show this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land,
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth, than quarries were before.

For this, Love is enraged with me,
Yet kills not; if I must example be
To future rebels, if th' unborn
Must learn by my being cut up and torn,
Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this
Torture against thine own end is;
Rack'd carcasses make ill anatomies.

THE BROKEN HEART

He is stark mad, whoever says,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour;
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say
I saw a flash of powder burn a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into Love's hands it come!
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some;
They come to us, but us Love draws;
He swallows us and never chaws;
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fry.

If 't were not so, what did become
Of my heart when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me.

If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thy heart to show
More pity unto me ; but Love, alas !
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite ;
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they be not unite ;
And now, as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more.

THE PARADOX

No lover saith, I love; nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover;
He thinks that else none can, nor will agree,
That any loves but he.

I cannot say I loved, for who can say
He was kill'd yesterday.
Love with excess of heat, more young than old,
Death kills with too much cold.

We die but once, and who loved last did die;
He that saith twice, doth lie;
For though he seem to move, and stir a while,
It doth the sense beguile.

Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the light's life is set;
Or like the heat which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind, two hours after.

Once I loved and died; and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb;
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
Love-slain, lo! here I die.

NEGATIVE LOVE

I NEVER stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey ;
  Seldom to them which soar no higher
  Than virtue, or the mind to admire.
For sense and understanding may
  Know what gives fuel to their fire ;
My love, though silly, is more brave ;
For may I miss whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,
Which can by no way be express'd
  But negatives, my love is so.
  To all which all love, I say no.
If any who deciphers best,
  What we know not — ourselves — can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

THE ECSTACY

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

Our hands were firmly cèmented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring;
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.

So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all our means to make us one;
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagatiön.

As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls — which to advance their state
Were gone out — hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;

All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.

If any, so by love refined
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

He — though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same —
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstacy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love;
We see by this, it was not sex;
We see we saw not what did move:

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size
All which before was poor and scant,
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul, know
Of what we are composed, and made,
For th' atomies of which we grow
Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But, O alas! so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we; we are
Th' intelligences,[10] they the sphere.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their senses' force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air;
So soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits as like souls as it can,

Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot which makes us man;

So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we 're to bodies gone.

THE UNDERTAKING

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.[11]

So, if I now should utter this,
Others — because no more
Such stuff to work upon, there is —
Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
Loves but the oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

LOVERS' INFINITENESS

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant:
If then thy gift of love were partiäl,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee;
And yet it was, thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine; what ever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet;
He that hath all can have no more;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it;
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it;
But we will have a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join them; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, in Love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produced;
But now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread,
And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows, flow,
From us and our cares ; but now 't is not so.

That love has not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline,
To me thou, falsely, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.

The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day;
But O! love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light,
And his first minute, after noon, is night.

THE GOOD-MORROW

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved ? were we not wean'd till then ?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly ?
Or slumber'd we in the Seven Sleepers' den ?
'T was so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be ;
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 't was but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear ;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone ;
Let maps to others worlds on worlds have shown ;
Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West ?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally ;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

LOVE'S GROWTH

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season, as the grass.
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mix'd of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
And of the sun his active vigour borrow,
Love 's not so pure and abstract as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their Muse ;
But as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown ;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,
Gentle love deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awaken'd root do bud out now.

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produced by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheres but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee ;
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's increase.

THE ANNIVERSARY

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This or a love increasèd there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves
remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest;
But we no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we 're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we ? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
  True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore. This is the second of our reign.

CANONIZATION

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love;
Or chide my palsy, or my gout;
My five grey hairs, or ruin'd fortune flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve;
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour, or his Grace;
Or the king's real, or his stamp'd face
Contemplate; — what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who 's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill? [12]
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,

We 're tapers too, and at our own cost die ;
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.
The phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us ; we two being one, are it ;
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse ;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We 'll build in sonnets pretty rooms ;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs ;
And by these hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love,

And thus invoke us, "You, whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage ;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage ;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes,
So made such mirrors and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize —
Countries, towns, courts beg from above
A pattern of your love."

SONG

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 't is best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O! how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall;

But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away ;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill ;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

LOVE'S RECORDS[13]

I 'll tell thee now, dear love, what thou shalt do
To anger destiny, as she doth us ;
How I shall stay, though she eloign me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too ;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,[14]
And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,[15]
And her, whose book (they say) Homer did find, and name.[16]

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
Of letters which have pass'd 'twixt thee and me ;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be
To all whom love's subliming fire invades
Rule and example found.
There the faith of any ground
No schismatic will dare to wound,
That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his recòrds.

This book, as long-lived as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-gravèd tome

In cypher writ, or new made idiom,
We for Love's clergy only are instruments ;
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were safe ; in this our universe,
Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels
verse.

THE COMPUTATION

For my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believed thou couldst be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favours past,
And forty on hopes, that thou wouldst they might
last;
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand, I did neither think nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal; can ghosts die?

THE LEGACY

When last I died, and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago
(And lovers' hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow,
Though I be dead, which meant me I should be
Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say, "Tell her anon,
That myself," that is you, not I,
"Did kill me;" and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone;
But I alas! could there find none,
When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should lie;
It kill'd me again, that I who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it, and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part;

As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
But O! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME IN THE WINDOW[17]

I

My name engraved herein
Doth còntribute my firmness to this glass,
Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard as that which graved it was ;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.[18]

II

'T is much that glass should be
As all-confessing, and through-shine as I ;
'T is more that it shows thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules love's magic can undo ;
Here you see me, and I am you.

III

As no one point nor dash,
Which are but accessòries to this name,
The showers and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same ;

You this entireness better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given death's-head keep,[19]
Lovers' mortality to preach ;
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V

Then, as all my souls be
Emparadised in you — in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see —
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein
Which tile this house, will come again,

VI

Till my return repair
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the stars are said to flow
Into such characters as gravèd be
When these stars have supremacy.

VII

So since this name was cut,
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut ;
As much more loving, as more sad,
'T will make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING

Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face, while I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear,
And by this mintage they are something worth ;
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee.
Fruits of much grief they are, emblèms of more ;
When a tear falls, that thou falls which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asiä,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all;
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mix'd with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven, dissolvèd so.

O ! More than moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere ;

Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon;
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purposeth.
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most is cruellest, and hastes the other's death.

SONG

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,—
Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me,—
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light,
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we move.

Let not thy wit beweep
Wounds but sense deep;
For when we miss
By distance our hopes-joining bliss,
Even then our souls shall kiss;
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet;

Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way ?
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we move.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING[20]

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
While some of their sad friends do say,
"The breath goes now," and some say, "No."

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'T were profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,[21]
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
— Whose soul is sense — cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,

Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansiön,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two ;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

A FEVER

O! do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know;
To leave this world behind, is death;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,
It stay, 't is but thy carcase then;
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long bear this tortùring wrong,

For more corruption needful is,
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee soon is spent;
Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persèver;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

NOTES

NOTES

TWICKENHAM GARDEN.

1. P. 6. This was the residence of the Countess of Bedford, the friend of Donne, and the general patroness of men of letters of her time. Several of Donne's poems are addressed to her, and in a verse letter to her he writes ; —

> '*The mine, the magazine, the common weal,*
> *The story of beauty in Twickenham is, and you.*'

2. V. 1. '*Blasted with sighs and surrounded with tears.*' The stress on the first syllable of 'surrounded' calls attention to the fact that Donne uses the word here with the meaning suggested by its etymology,—a meaning which it soon lost under the compelling influence of the syllable 'round.' The word was derived from the French obsolete *suronder*, and this from the mediæval Latin *superundare*. It was still in Donne's time a rare word in either of its senses. Shakespeare does not use it. In Howell's edition of Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, published in 1660, in the English vocabulary 'surround' appears as follows: 'To surround (or overflow), *oultre couler*,' as if the word had no other meaning than 'overflow.' It was with this significance and with the pronunciation proper to it that Donne uses the word here.

3. V. 6. '*The spider love*' — 'spider,' because of the poison he infuses in the veins.

4. v.17. '*Make me but mandrake*'—a mandrake rather than any other plant, because the root of the mandrake was popularly supposed to have more or less the shape of a man and to feel pain when torn up out of the ground.

Love's Diet.

5. p.11, v.25. '*Thus I reclaimed my buzzard love*'—a buzzard was an inferior kind of hawk, useless for falconry.

The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle.

6. p. 14. Montgomery Castle was the home of Lady Herbert, mother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and of George Herbert. All these were friends of Donne. Lady Herbert, by a second marriage, became Lady Danvers. She died in 1627 and Donne preached her funeral sermon.

A Jet Ring Sent.

7. p.21. It is perhaps worth while to point out that 'thou' in the 1st and 3d stanzas in this little poem refers to the ring; in the 2d stanza to her to whom the ring was sent.

The Bait.

8. p.22. Marlowe's famous 'Come live with me and be my Love,' of which this poem is one of numerous partial imitations, was first printed in 1599.

Walton in his 'Complete Angler' gives Donne's poem, and introduces it as follows: '*Venator*—Yes, Master, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Dr. Donne, and made to show the world that he could make soft and smooth verses when he thought smoothness worth

his labour; and I love them the better, because they allude to rivers and fish and fishing. They be these.' —

THE RELIC.

9. P. 31, V. 28. Donne more than once in his poems propounds the idea that law established bounds for that liberty in love which nature allowed.

THE ECSTACY.

10. P. 46, V. 52. *We are th' intelligences, they the sphere.* According to the mediæval theological system of the universe, the motion of the spheres was imparted to them by means of the Angels, who in the discharge of this duty were designated as 'Intelligences.'

THE UNDERTAKING.

11. P. 48, V. 5–8. It were mere folly to instruct in an art of which the material is no longer to be found.

Under the term 'specular stone' various sorts of translucent stone, such as alabaster and mica, seem to have been included. The 'lapis specularis' was used at Rome in the time of Augustus for the filling of windows. Harrison, in his excellent description of England, printed in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1577, says, 'I find obscure mention of the specular stone also to have been found capable to this use [that is, use for windows] in England, but in such doubtful sort that I dare not affirm it for certain.'

Donne, in one of his verse-letters to the Countess of Bedford, says : —

'*You teach, though we learn not, a thing unknown*
To our late times, — the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.'

'*Of such were temples. So and such you are;*
Being and seeming is your equal care.'

CANONIZATION.

12. P. 59, V. 15. *Add one more to the plaguy bill* — that is, to the list of deaths from the Plague in the weekly bill of mortality in London.

LOVE'S RECORDS.

13. P. 63. This little poem with its superb climax consists of the first 'three stanzas of the poem entitled in previous editions: "Valediction to his Book." The omitted four stanzas are of little worth.

14. V. 7. '*Her who from Pindar could allure.*' This was the beautiful Corinna who, contending with Pindar at Thebes, five times won the victory.

15. V. 8. '*And her through whose help Lucan is not lame.*' The allusion seems to be to the wife of Lucan, Argentaria Polla, whose charms are celebrated by Statius.

16. V. 9. '*And her whose book* (*they say*) *Homer did find and name.*' This pedantic verse affords a difficult riddle. Perhaps it refers to the daughter of Musæus, Helena, from whose poem on the War of Troy it was said that Homer took his subject, perhaps to Phantasia of Memphis, whose work on the Trojan war and on the wanderings of Ulysses was given, so it was said, to Homer when he was in Egypt. In the choice it may be safe to prefer Phantasia.

A Valediction of my Name in the Window.

17. P. 68. The last four stanzas of the original are here omitted. The poem ends better without them.

18. V. 6. '*The diamonds of either rock*,' — that is, the diamonds brought either from the East or the West Indies, from Golconda or Brazil.

19. P. 69, V. 21. '*It as a given death's-head keep*.' It was a common fashion to wear in a ring a death's-head of enamel or carved in stone, as a *memento mori*.

Valediction forbidding Mourning.

20. P. 75. Walton cites these verses in his *Life of Donne*, and says, 'I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and in poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.' 'This poem,' said Mr. Lowell, in his unpublished lecture on Poetic Diction, 'is a truly sacred one and fuller of the soul of poetry than a whole Alexandrian library of common love verses.'

21. V. 11. '*Trepidation of the spheres*' is a term of mediæval astronomy designating a supposed balancing of the universe from north to south and from south to north.

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